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rediscovered  
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## PAINT MY KNACKERS

Actor Lee Marvin's  
desperate deathbed  
plea to Picasso

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ISSN 0952-7966



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## MY SECRET ARSE-ACHE

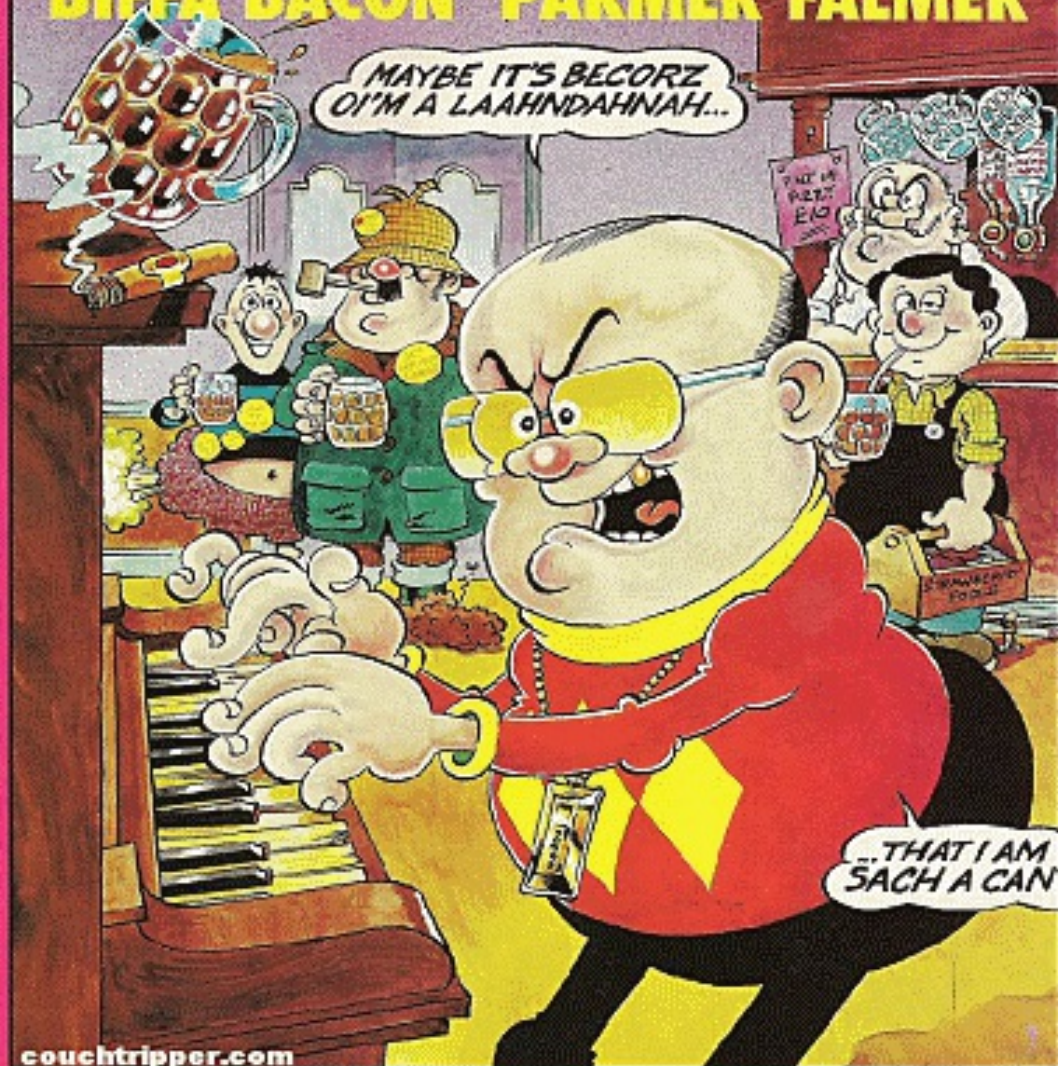
*"My arse looks like  
two of my football  
dad's slap noggins"*

*says the TV weathergirl  
lawyers said we could not name*

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# FARMER PALMER







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Published by John Brown Publishing Limited, The New Boat House, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR.  
Tel: 0171 565 3000

Distributed by Comag, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex, UB7 7QE.  
Tel: 01895 444 0555.

Written and produced by House of Viz  
PO Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT

Fax: 0191 281 9045  
E Mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Please send photocopies only as we cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited artwork or original manuscripts.

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Editorial Colour Repro by Tyne Graphics, Newcastle  
Printed by Wiltshires (Bristol) Limited, Royal Portbury Dock, Bristol.

Front cover and insert printed by Quebecor, Corby, Northants.

Please note the Publisher does not accept responsibility for failure on the part of his increasingly down market advertisers to provide the goods and services offered.

US Postmaster USPS 015666  
Viz is published bi-monthly for \$29 p.a. 2nd class postage is paid at Champlain, NY and additional mailing houses. Please send address changes to: Viz, 3330 Pacific Ave, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA 23461-2953, USA.

# Letterbooks

## Doctor in the blouse

☐ Women are a bunch of hypocrites. One minute they're carrying kidney donor cards around with them quite happy to donate all of their organs to medical research. But the minute a doctor or a dentist tries to feel them up a bit while they're under the gas they go running to the police.

Dr P. Hammond-Organ  
(struck off)  
Fulchester



☐ If any of your readers are ever on a live television show featuring Uri Geller and he asks you to draw a picture so that he can use his psychic powers to draw an exact copy, draw a picture of a big, hairy, veiny cock and watch the spooky bastard squirm.

James Lennox  
Glasgow

## TOP TIP

**BEFORE** buying magazines pinch them firmly by the spine and shake them over the newsagent's freezer before taking them to the till. That way all the shitty leaflets and advertising crap will end up amongst the ice cream, not in your house.

Bob U  
Faversham

## Chinese puzzle

☐ So, the Government plan to make reading tests tougher for school children. This could be done overnight by simply replacing our facile 26 letter alphabet with the several thousand complicated characters used by the Chinese.

R. Perry  
Southend



## TOP TIP

**DETER** lower-middle class neighbours from displaying signs in their lavatory which say 'If you sprinkle whilst you tinkle, please be sweet and wipe the seat' by pissing on their tooth brushes and shitting in the bath every time you see one.

Paul Browne  
London SE13

## The big day Beckhams



☐ I gather that David Beckham and Posh Spice are having trouble finding time to get married. Well, I doubt it will be any easier in a few years time when David is on the subs bench for Bury reserves and Posh is away doing a summer season at Butlins in Skegness. If I was them I'd tie the knot now while they can still afford a decent reception.

Paul Dixon  
Stakeford,  
Northumberland

**It's the letters page that takes 2 hours to get wood - and then goes off after 3 pushes.**

## TOP TIP

**APPEASE** grumpy vicars by sticking a length of double sided Sellotape along the hem of your wedding dress. This will automatically clean up confetti from the church floor as you walk down the aisle.

Loggy  
Hungerford

## Another fine mess

☐ I wonder if any of your readers could help me. I am seeking sponsors to help me pay the latest fine handed to me by Weston Magistrates Court (£75, for committing a 'Public Order' offence while drunk). If anyone could help, in return for your sponsorship I will gladly mention you or your company name the next time I am up before the magistrates.

Andy Quinn  
Weston-super-Mare

☐ I couldn't help noticing that in issue 88 (February 1998) Suicidal Syd's mother was called Mrs Topper, whilst in issue 42 (June 1990) her name was Mrs Simpson. I wondered whether this mistake was perhaps deliberate, the idea being to solicit pedantic letters from sad tossers like me in order to fill up your letters page.

Mr C. De Gaulle-Airport  
Exeter

\* No, but thanks anyway.

## TOP TIP

**DOG LOVERS.** Catch a bluebottle after it has landed on your dog's shit, then preserve it in the fridge inside a jelly cube. If your dog dies the vet will then be able to recreate it using 'Jurassic Park' type DNA technology.

J. Tait  
Thrapton

☐ Women secretaries have no sense of loyalty to their employers. There're happy to cash their pay cheques, drink your coffee and use your phone, but the minute you try giving them a quick Christmas bonus behind the filing cabinet they go straight to the police.

P. Hammond-Organ  
HMP Parkhurst, I.O.W.

## TOP TIP

**CONDOMS** make great sick bags for travel sickness sufferers, expanding to hold a huge amount of puke. Flavoured ones also help to disguise the unpleasant smell.

Kelth Absalom  
Reading, Berks.

## La-di-fucking-da

☐ A minor point regarding issue 88, competition page 28, question 11. I believe the first person to run a mile in four minutes was Derek Ibbotson in 1956. Roger Bannister ran the first sub four minute mile.

K. Addinell  
Wakefield

☐ I've just purchased your once funny rag, issue 88. Funny how the worse your own sad footy team gets the more references to the real UNITED you have to make. I've only readed the first four pages and United have been mentioned about ten times. I don't think you lot are real Tonies. I think you're Reds fans in disguise.

Colin J Burden  
Your ex-reader in the  
Stretford End  
Bournemouth

P.S. £1.60! Are you taking the piss?

\* Fair enough, £1.60 might seem a bit steep compared to fifty quid for a Man United shirt. But at least we only bring out six new comics a year.



# Hur hur hur. Very clever

Reference to your 'Ben' competition, also issue 88. In Ben Hur it was not Victor Mature who tried to shorten the chariot race odds (and the horses' legs) with spiked hubcaps. It was the late Stephen Boyd who played the character Messala.

I. H. Worcester

# Gordon is a rocket scientist

As the Godson of world famous footballer Gordon McQueen I took great offence at your new feature 'Gordon Is A Moron' (issue 88). 'Big Go-Go' as we know him is a nice guy totally undeserving of your ridicule, and to prove it I enclose the lovely Christmas card which he gave us last year. As an act of revenge I have burned the latest copy of Viz.

Justin Hamilton  
Kilbirnie, Ayrshire



# T&P TIP

**MOTORISTS.** At night convince oncoming drivers that the road has 'speed humps' by regularly slowing to a virtual stop and then flashing your headlights.

J. Ryan  
E mail

# T&P TIP

**DETER** goldfish from having sex by throwing a small bucket of air over any that you catch in the act.

W. I. Conqueror  
Hastings

I couldn't help noticing your smug headline letter from Mrs V. Terrace of Chigley (issue 88). Do you lo; know the difference between an astrologer and an astronomer, or you all just complete cretins?

Astronomy is serious science, and astronomers like myself who study it (I'm a Léo by the way) find it most annoying when idiots like you confuse the two.

R. Hossack  
E mail

# T&P TIP

**GOLFERS.** Improve your putting technique by pausing and pretending to tie your shoelaces until the sun passes behind the flag and casts its shadow across your ball. Then simply put straight along the thin black line and into the hole. Works every time.

John Dean  
Docklands

So, the Jocks and the Taffs have finally decided to bugger off and wallow in their own economic shite. You should be celebrating. They've been like a ball and chain on the English economy for centuries. I suggest you celebrate by giving them Newcastle and Liverpool respectively as going away presents.

Quentin Scott  
Lecturer in Economics  
Utah, USA

# T&P TIP

**GIVE** dado rails a 'moustache' by nailing draft proofing strips along their length.

A. Hitler  
Lowestoft

Wives no longer feel any sense of duty to their husbands. When they take their marriage vows they promise to honour and obey you. But the moment you ask them to do a simple favour, like bring you a cake with a gun in it, they hand your letter to the prison authorities.

P. Hammond-Organ  
High security 'E' wing  
HMP Durham

# Who's not a shitty boy then?

I lined the bottom of my budgie cage with pages from Viz and soon afterwards it died from constipation. Honest. Do I win anything?

Scott Phrea  
Kent

\*No

# T&P TIP

**WORRIED** that your mobile phone is giving off harmful micro-waves? Carry it round inside a hollowed out potato. If at any time the spud begins to cook, throw your phone into a bucket of water.

J. D.  
Docklands

They say the car in front is a Toyota. Not when I drove to work this morning. It was a VW Golf.

Tony Smith  
Ampley Crucis,  
Gloucester

# Flap shot

After reading the letter from T.D. (issue 88) who visited the Labia cinema in South Africa but forgot his camera, I jumped on the first plane to Cape Town and took this picture.



I hereby claim my fiver. Incidentally, I inquired about the unusual name at the ticket booth and was told that in South Africa things are often named inversely to the UK. Apparently the first thing a South African bloke does when he gets a girl in the back row is to give her Gaumonts a good fingering.

Paul Eastaugh  
Reading, Berks.

# What a Boer

I went to South Africa too and spotted what I thought was an up market brothel.



To my dismay it turned out to be just another boring Cape Town nightclub.

Chris Miller  
East Finchley, London N2

Further to the exposed Labia and various muff diving establishments featured recently. I took the enclosed photo (see below) in Colorado, USA in January of this year. When it came back from the chemists my wife ripped it in half, because she's like that, but here it is stuck together again with Sellotape.

Do I win a fiver for my efforts?

John D.  
Midlothian

\* Oh, go on then.

# T&P TIP

**PLAY** 'Indiana Jones' with your pet mouse using a length of drain-pipe and a cricket ball.

I. K. Brunel  
Bristol



Whilst sitting on my toilet (as one often does in Pakistan) I flicked through a copy of Viz no.16 from February 1986 (which I use as an emergency Andrex substitute) and was amazed to see a band called Chumbawamba at No.2 in your now defunct Viz Top Ten. If Eggbert Nobacon or whatever he's called still reads Viz he will be pleased to hear that the band are quite popular among the young trendies of Karachi, many of whom do not know what a vodka drink, a cider drink or a whiskey drink is, never mind a lager drink.

Letter continues on next page...





# STARS on the SCROUNGE

\*\*\*\*\*

*\* In the last issue we asked whether tight arsed celebs had ever tried tapping you for freebies; sponging free drinks, cigarettes, pens, money etc. And we were amazed at what a bunch of skin flints the stars turned out to be.*

☐ Dave Pegg out of folk/rock band Fairport Convention once poned a fag off me after a gig. The only reason I'm telling you is cos it's the only way I'll ever get to see Fairport Convention mentioned in your mag.

John Bone  
Orpington, Kent

**T&P TIP**  
**JOB SEEKERS.** Never take fish and chips to a job interview.

Andrew Berry  
Grimsby



☐ Ball gazing Lottery loser Mystic fucking Meg tried to scrounge a light off me in The Malt Shovel pub the other night to light up her Camel cigarette. I didn't have a light on me, but surely she should have known that before she asked.

Geoff Poole  
North Somerset

**T&P TIP**  
**POP fans.** Cut that old imitation 'Beatle mop' wig in half. Hey presto! A pair of imitation Gallagher eyebrows.

A.E. Miller  
Caterham, Surrey

## Harris ducks bill



☐ Keith Harris and his fucking duck Orbit or whatever its called hired a function room at our pub for a party 3 months ago and he still hasn't paid us the £35 room hire fee, Penny pinching ventriloquist bastard.

Shag  
Poulton-le-Fylde

☐ I don't suppose it makes him a scrounger but Tony Robinson off Blackadder and Channel 4's Time Team booked a table for 6 at TGI Fridays in Bristol on 23rd January but when he turned up he only had a party of 5. The over booking let down wanker.

Andy Cook  
Bristol



☐ Fat useless stupid side-boarded daft hat wearing twat John McCrirrick came up to my table in a cafe at Doncaster station, picked up my paper, read the racing page, then waddled off without saying a word. Cheeky hand waving shit spouting Channel 4 git.

Michael McLellan  
Montrose



☐ Boring boy racer and part-time Toytown cop Nigel Mansell once scrounged a carpet for his trailer off us at Silverstone while we were putting up a race day marquee. Never even said "Thanks" never mind give us a tip. Next day the tight cunt went and won the race.

Eric the Pixie  
Loughborough

☐ I don't know if it counts but Charlie snorting Grandstand party raving slaphead Frank Bough pushed in front of me and my wife Michelle in the customs queue at Gatwick airport just before Christmas. And they never even searched him. I'd have stripped him naked and stuck an industrial Hoover up his backside if I'd been in charge.

Gary Parkins  
Nowich



☐ Gary Lineker may be the world's most famous football crisp thief, but he wasn't the first. Ages ago at a Stockport County v. Crystal Palace League Cup tie Man City winger Mike Summerbee and Man United plonky George Best were sat behind me and my dad. I turned round and offered them a crisp each, but instead of taking one they lifted me out of my seat, sat me down between them and proceeded to polish off the entire bag. Crisp guzzling seventies soccer star twats.

Jules  
Finland

**T&P TIP**  
**ALWAYS fart into the rings on top of your gas cooker. This will turn back the gas meter, and save you pounds over a period of time.**

C. Custer  
Little Bighorn

☐ Smug monkey faced cockney perm monster Richard Diggance grabbed a fag from out of my hand and started puffing on it backstage at a theatre in Colchester last summer. The unfunny git.

R. Law  
Epsom

## Cunt lost conundrum



☐ Richard bleeding Whitely off Countdown tried to scrounge directions to the nearest payphone off me as I stood outside RAF Leuchars, near Dundee, recently. I gave him thirty seconds to sling his fucking hook.

Trev Hutton  
Neston

\*\*\*\*\*

## Frank Wanks... Nationwide



Hello.  
Frank Bough, here.  
Today, I'm having a wank in Richmond, North Yorkshire



Nestled on the banks of the River Swale, Richmond... uhl... uhl... Richmond is a town unlike any other... ooh, yeah!... with its cobbled streets and ancient uhl... ooopah!... market place



Richmond is also a town steeped in history. A history that lingers in... in... uhl... uhl... in its narrow alleys... uhl... oah, yes!... yes!... and it's quaint and beautiful buildings... Christ, yeah!



In 1071, uhl... uhl... the Norman invaders built... yeah!... built a castle which today uhl... uhl... today remains... uhl... uhl... only as a ruin... uhl... uhl... uhl... yes... yes... YES... YES... YES... URRRRGH!

Phew! That's all for this week. See you next time



## There's gold in them thar Jimmy Hills!



I spotted Jimmy Hill among the rabble that was being roused to dispatch Frankenstein's horrific chocolate caber in Turd Of Frankenstein (issue 88). I also caught a glimpse of mono-testicled, vegetarian, fascist decorator turned Nazi dictator Adolf Hitler enjoying a quiet drink at the village tavern in the same strip. What do I win?

D. Bowman  
Barking, Essex

\* Well done. You win a rare photograph of The Beatles signed by Hitler AND Napoleon. In this issue there are NINE Jimmy Hills hidden in our cartoons, and the first person who spots all of them will win their weight in gold! But look out. To make it a bit harder there's also a Jimmy Hill look alike - trad jazz musician Acker Bilk - hiding somewhere amongst the cartoons.

I know this is supposed to be the year of the Tiger, but I'm still writing Dragon on all my cheques.  
Mark Fung-Po  
Stockport

## T&P TIP

HAMMER half a broomstick into an old can of garden peas to make a realistic but totally safe German hand grenade.

Lee McDonald  
E mail

I had to laugh at something my son said the other day. Mind you, he's Chubby Brown.

Mrs Ida Brown  
Middlesbrough

## We all pulled together in the old days

I don't understand the youth of today with their drink, drugs and cigarette smoking. When I was a lad in the Boy Scouts all we had was communal masturbation, but we made do. Happy days indeed.

Ian McKenzie  
Woodwork teacher  
Caithness

My father and I have been making our own jam for nearly twenty years. But in all that time we've never allowed my mother or sister to help or taste the results. We believe it should remain a male preserve.

E. A. Browne  
Westcliffe-On-Sea, Essex

## Bra-vo

My wife went to get fitted for a bra recently and discovered that she's got 'Double G' tits. Pretty amazing eh? And she's not fat either. I think she deserves a fiver for that, don't you?

Luke Gregory  
London SE28

## PRISONER of the MONTH

This month another crop of crimboos compete for the title of Britain's most interesting inmate, the object of the exercise being to attract readers as pen friends.

My name is Anthony, I'm 21, single, and come from Telford. I am interesting because my mom once dated Ronnie Corbett when she was in her teens, and I have appeared on the Match Of The Day opening titles as a spectator in the crowd. Also, my young brother was on Live And Kicking once.

JX3745 Stanley  
HMP The Dana  
Shrewsbury, SY1 2HR

I'm 30, single and I've been thrown out of BBC recording studios TWICE. Once for asking Terry Wogan to show us his "billiard ball", and again for smoking a fag during Top Of The Pops. Beat that!

PW1408 W. Gahan  
HMP Parkhurst  
Newport, I.O.W.

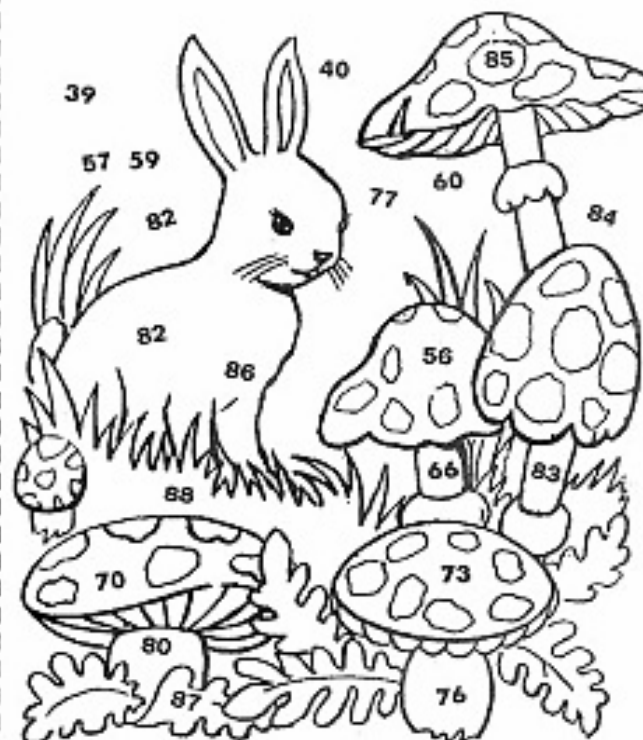
Like all the scumbags in this column I'm a self-pitying whinger with no friends. My only interests are Viz and boats.

LT 2843 Nigel Barrett  
HMP Norwich  
NR1 4LU

\* Congratulations to Nigel Barrett whose honesty wins him this month's award. If you're eating Her Majesty's porridge, write to Prisoner of the Month at the usual address. We only print 3 letters per issue, so please keep it brief and interesting.

## SPOT THE BACK ISSUES

Mr Rabbit isn't sure which back issues of Viz are still available. The fairies have hidden the issue numbers amongst the mushrooms. Can you find them? When you spot the number of a back issue you require, draw a circle round it, then fill in the form below.



As well as £1.50 per comic, you also have to pay postage. Mr Mouse doesn't know how much postage to enclose. Follow the string to help him find out.



• 50p for a single comic, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more.

• £8 per comic for less than ten, £15 per comic for more than 15.

• £1.50 per comic, with every 15th comic free up to 25. Thereafter each comic 75p.

Tick one of the following boxes to indicate how you are paying. If you tick the second box, because you are paying by credit card, fill in your credit card number in the third box, which I have done credit card number shaped to make it easy for you. (Overseas customers then add 20% of the total and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank)

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VB189

Do you want to buy this cupboard? The door looks but there's no visible locking mechanism - only £5





# MIRIAM'S PHOTO CASEBOOK



CONTINUES TOMORROW.



## Serbs: You right

Regarding Mr Teague's crude Bosnian wall painting (issue 87), 'Ceca' does not mean 'tits'. Ceca is the wife of the notorious Serb Zeljko Raznjatovic (also known as Arkan) who was allegedly responsible for numerous atrocities during the Bosnian war. The presence of an accordion is significant and suggests that the figure playing it is intended to be her. Because she married Arkan her name took on a new meaning in Bosnia. Roughly translated it means 'slag'. During the war the Croats captured Mrkonje Grad, but had to return it to Serb control under the Dayton accords. They comprehensively trashed it as they left, and the wall painting was most likely an expression of anti-Serb sentiment by a departing Croat artist.

Charles Crawford  
British Embassy  
Sarajevo

## T&P&IIP

CREATE that special 'Day Of The Triffids' atmosphere by drinking lots of coffee, sticking a fan in front of your pot plants and turning the lights out.

Lee McDonald  
E mail

I just bet 50p on a 3 horse accumulator. The odds were 6-4, 2-1 and 1-3. All three horses won. Do I win £5?

Stephen Hamill  
Durham

No you don't, actually. You would win £4.50 - as any bookmaker would tell you - on top of which you would then have your 50p stake returned. So there.

## T&P&IIP

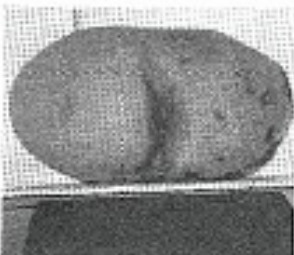
PLANNING a romantic dinner but at the last minute you notice your candles are too tall? Simply rub them on a cheese grater until they reach the required length.

Mike Haworth  
Crumpsall, Manchester

## And finally...



Ahem! Yes... And finally, our thanks to Jeff Handel, Steven Hill, Ingrid Hill, Delia Foster and Marilyn Baker from the Anaesthesia Department of the Royal United Hospital in Bath, who spotted this most unusual potato in their local supermarket.



A 'Ring Edward' perhaps? On that slightly bum note, goodnight.

Doc Cox  
Northfields, London W13

\* Thanks Doc. Your fiver's in the post.

Never mind your South African Labias, beaver divers or Louise's charming hairy pie. How about this for muff-related place name? It's on the small Indonesian island of Baloi where I'm presently enjoying a cuntting brilliant time.

Alan Storey  
Baloi, Batam Islands  
Indonesia

## T&P&IIP

PRISONER VB2973 in Fleet prison. Check your facts before requesting records for your mum and dad in Viz 88. They were only going to London for a few days, not Spain.

VB2973's younger brother  
Portsmouth

Am I on yet? Do you want me to do the vegetable now?

Doc Cox  
Northfields, London W13

\* Not yet. We'll give you a shout when we're ready.

## In at the deep end

Your choice of Graham Morgan as 'Interesting Prisoner of the Month' (issue 88) is spot on if it's the same Graham Morgan that I remember. He was a singer in a band called The Deep back in the 80s. One hot summer Saturday night a group of us were out drinking in Newport town centre when Graham announced he had a swab up his arse and would anyone like to see it? We had little choice because seconds later he was waving the disgusting object under our noses. He then proceeded to eat it, 'for a laugh'. I suspect from his current state of incarceration that Graham has lost none of the eccentricity and boyish sense of fun that made him such wonderful company back then.

David McLean  
Newport

## T&P&IIP

GIRLS. Avoid the need to keep pulling at the bottom of your mini-skirt by buying one that's three inches longer.

N. L. Brown  
Leicester



A unique collection any breakfast-lover will be proud to own

# The Breakfast Heritage Showcase

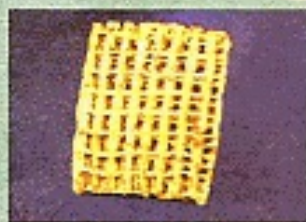
To celebrate 500 years of breakfast cereals Silverfish & Woodhouse are proud to present the ultimate fine art collection - thirty magnificent hand-painted sculptures representing the world's most popular breakfast cereals.

## Skilfully hand-crafted

The *Breakfast Heritage Showcase* is an important collection of life-size cereal sculptures by consummate food artist *Titus Domestos* to celebrate the quinqucentenary of the first meal of the day. It captures for all time the whole malted goodness of the Shreddie, the sparkling gr-r-r-reatness of the Frostie, the snap, crackle and popness of the Rice Crispy, the dour in-edibility of the Special K, and the originality and bestness of the magnificent Corn Flake, the undisputed King of the Cereal Bowl.

## A magnificent display cabinet at no extra cost

The *Breakfast Heritage Showcase* collector collection has its own specially designed genuine 'wood' style display cabinet\*\*. a fitting home for your cereal collection. Suitable for wall hanging, free-standing or throwing in a skip, as a privileged collector you will receive this display stand absolutely FREE in return for a nominal purchase charge of £29.95 (at the time of going to press).



Detail of Shreddie



Detail of Cornflake

## RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Silverfish and Woodhouse, Wainscoting House, Skirtingboard Way, Banbury.

Please accept my reservation for *The Breakfast Heritage Showcase*, a collection of hand-crafted breakfast cereal sculptures. Every other month a pair of cereal figurines will be sent to my home on approval, however I need only pay for one figure per week, at the bargain price of just £49.95 (plus £20 p+p). If I am not completely satisfied I may make fruitless attempts to cancel my subscription at any time including writing a stream of hard luck letters to BBC's *Watchdog* which will serve only to amuse the programme researchers. My statutory rights are not important.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Please select your method of payment:

☐ Fifty pound note ☐ Two twenties and a ten

We may occasionally (that is to say always and without exception) make your details available to other companies who give us money in return for the names and addresses of gullible people like yourself. If you would prefer us not to do so, simply inform us in person at our offices in Banbury on any weekday morning between 8.00 and 8.05am (closed Monday - Friday).



## The Artist

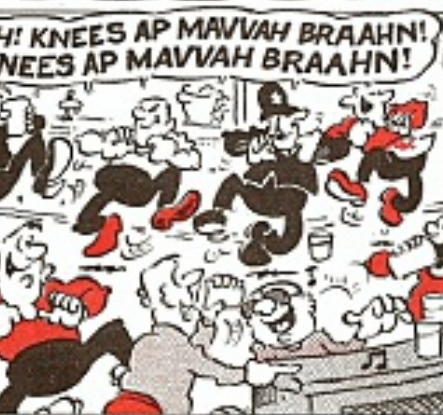
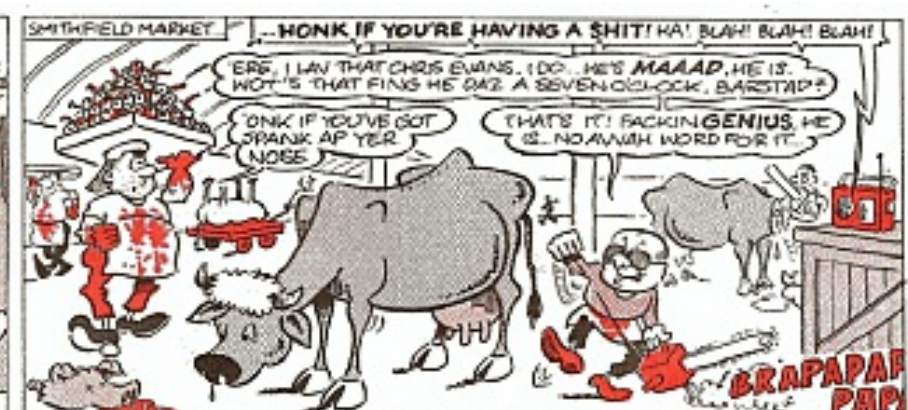
Titus Domestos was born in 1955 on the Greek Island of Spatchulos, the son of a tortoise farmer. His father died when he was three, and Titus struggled to support his family sculpting models of eireveses biscuits out of driftwood and selling them to tourists. He absquatulated from the world renowned Ecole des Beaux Arts de Petit Dejeuners, Paris in 1976. He presently resides in Hove with his father, a retired fisherman.

\*Due to the natural weathering properties of the materials used, the Fine Art Cereal Statuettes may appear to go soft and mouldy with time. This is a normal design feature and will add to the character and charm of the sculptures.

\*\*The cabinet you receive will differ dramatically from that illustrated. Due to the flammable nature of the 'wood' style materials used, your display showcase should be mounted at least 2 metres away from any source of heat, radiators etc.



# COCKNEY WANKER





# Captain OATS

THE POLAR EXPLORER WHO LOVES!  
TO EXPLORE HIS OWN POLE!

COME ON CHAPS—ONLY ANOTHER SIXTY MILES AND WE'LL HAVE BEATEN AMUNDSEN TO THE POLE. WE'LL BE THERE IN FIVE DAYS IF WE KEEP UP THIS PACE.



ERM... I THINK I JUST SAW SOMETHING... ERM... BEHIND THAT SNOW-DRIFT... I'LL JUST BE... ERM... A MINUTE.



HEH-HEH.



THIS IS A GOOD ONE.



ERRR... ANYWAY, HERE WE GO.



ERRR... ANYWAY, HERE WE GO.





# JOHNNY FARTPANTS





# BIFFA BACON





# Tipton-khamen!

## West Midlands Egyptian burial plan for 'One and Only' Hawkes

**Ambitious plans to bury Chesney Hawkes in a latter day 'Valley Of The Kings' have sparked controversy among residents and planners in the town of Tipton.**

The Tipton Gateway Trust, an independent partnership of local businesses, have put forward plans for a giant tomb and pyramid to be constructed on derelict industrial land adjacent to the A457. The £50 million project will involve tunnelling a series of inter linking catacombs beneath the ground and building a spectacular stone pyramid 800 feet tall.

### Chamber

In a giant burial chamber directly beneath the pyramid the body of the boy pop star Chesney Hawkes will be laid to rest in an ornate sarcophagus, surrounded by his most treasured possessions, including a gold disc, a mountain bike and his CD collection. The name of his hit single 'The One And Only' is to be carved on the wall in hieroglyphics, and the chamber will be decorated with a hand painted wall frieze depicting his appearances on Top Of The Pops.

### Pop

There are further plans to bury more pop stars nearby on the same site as and when they become available, and for a landscaping scheme to create a genuine 'Valley of the Kings'. It is estimated that tourists visiting the tombs could bring an extra £300 million into the West Midlands economy every year.

### Classical

Project coordinator Hugo Guthrie got the inspiration for his scheme during a holiday in Egypt. "My wife and I were visiting the pyramids and were impressed by the sheer volume of visitors they attract from all over the world. It dawned on me that a pyramid would be

an ideal attraction for Tipton, and an economic boost for the whole of the Metropolitan Borough of Dudley".

### Jazz

It is hoped to have the tomb built, buried under tons of sand and then rediscovered and opened to the public in time for the millennium. But the ambitious scheme has already faced criticism. Opponents say the pyramid will create car parking problems for local residents and they claim that vital wildlife habitat will be destroyed. "Mice and pigeons regularly use that land for recreational purposes", one objector told us.

## Boy pop king set for Midlands tomb

But Mr Guthrie remains optimistic. "Too often Tipton has been caught lacking in ambition. Now is the time to change that. The Tipton Valley of the Kings will be one of the wonders of the West Midlands. It will put us firmly back on the tourism map".

### Pom

The outcome of applications for funding to the National Lottery, the Millennium Commission and English Heritage are not due for several months. Meanwhile Chesney Hawkes was last night unavailable for comment.

Hawkes (right) whose pop career ended so young.



An artists impression of the Tipton pyramids development due to open in the year 2000

## Joe's 90

**FORMER TV star Joe 90 celebrated his 90th birthday yesterday with a quiet party at a retirement home in Filey, North Yorkshire.**

Joe, who during the sixties starred in his own television show, has not been able to walk unassisted since his leg strings snapped in the late eighties. But staff at the Bay View retirement home say that he's in good spirits, and was able to enjoy a glass of champagne to celebrate his birthday.



Then and now, 90 in 68 (above) and (below) in 98 90 at 90 yesterday.

### Scan

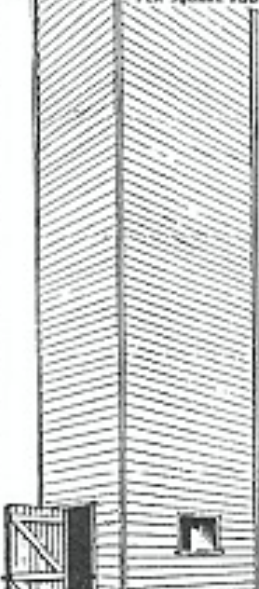
90's wife Rhapsody Angel out of Captain Scarlet died in 1992 following a long bout of woodworm. Joe was forced to sell the giant food mixer in which he sat at the beginning of his TV show to pay for her funeral. The couple had no children.



## the KING of SHEDS

2'9"

PER SQUARE FOOT



THE "VALE" WANEY ELM GARDEN SHED 13 7ft. x 5ft

Send for list of other Bargains



Fashion and telly - We report on the new look to DIE for!

# Spice of DEATH!

**MOST** girls would simply dread being dead. Turning up at your own funeral with your hair falling out and your eyeballs in an advanced state of putrefaction would be the ultimate fashion faux par.

But nowadays dying doesn't mean losing your looks - thanks to the rising popularity of TV morticians like McCallum and Silent Witness's Dr Samantha Burton.

## Scud

To celebrate, erm... the continued popularity of the Spice Girls, and the new series of Silent Witness, we wondered whether sexy stiff surgeon Dr Sam cadaver go at giving the fab five a post mortem make-over. And of course she was only too happy to oblige.

## Exocet

So what would be the first thing she'd do if the fab five turned up their toes and turned into Stiff Spices on her autopsy slab?

## Patriot

Perhaps surprisingly her first priority would be to cut out their eyeballs.

"It may not sound like the most glamorous treatment but the results are fantastic," Dr Sam told us. "And the alternative is dreadful sunken eyes as the eyeballs collapse and shrivel up". After popping the unwanted peepers in the bin Dr Sam would then pack the empty eye sockets with cotton wool before closing the eyelids.

## Trident

Next she would carefully bung up a cork up Scary, Sexy, Sporty, Posh and Baby's backsides to save the girl's the embarrassment of farting at their own funerals! "Believe it or not the Spice Girl's digestive systems will continue to work for some time after their death due to their bacterial nature. Unexpected anal announcements are fairly common among corpses".

Then comes the second facial treatment, ramming wax up the girl's noses to prevent their rotting brains slipping out at an inopportune moment.



Then Dr Sam would sew up their smackers, lovingly stitching the girls' mouths closed before applying a delicate lip gloss.

## Spam

Draining the girl's blood would be the major treatment on the agenda. Dr Sam would do this by inserting a needle into their veins and forcing a stirrup pump up under the sternum and into the heart. The blood would then be replaced with formaldehyde.

## Spam

Time now for a relaxing all over body massage, concentrating on the girl's finger tips and toes, to make sure the preservative fluid is properly distributed and reaches all the extremities.

## Spam

When they died the Spice Girls could have been forgiven for thinking they'd had their last hair-do. But no. Their hair, as well as finger and toe nails, would

**Telly corpse cop quack gives fab five a mortuary make-over**

**BEFORE and AFTER!** Clockwise from bottom left, the Spice Girls alive yesterday (8 o'clock), sexy Dr Sam is ready for work (above right, about 1.30) and Sexy Spice looks stunning after her death mask facial (6.00pm, below)



5 things to do if you find a DEAD SPICE GIRL

Here's some tips from TV's sexiest detective death doc on what to do if you come across a Stiff Spice.

1. Check her pulse to make sure she is deceased.
2. Draw a line round her with white chalk.
3. Carefully place any small objects that you find in a plastic freezer bag.
4. If there is a gun on the floor, bend down and pick it up slowly on the end of a pencil.
5. Smell it to see whether it has been fired recently.

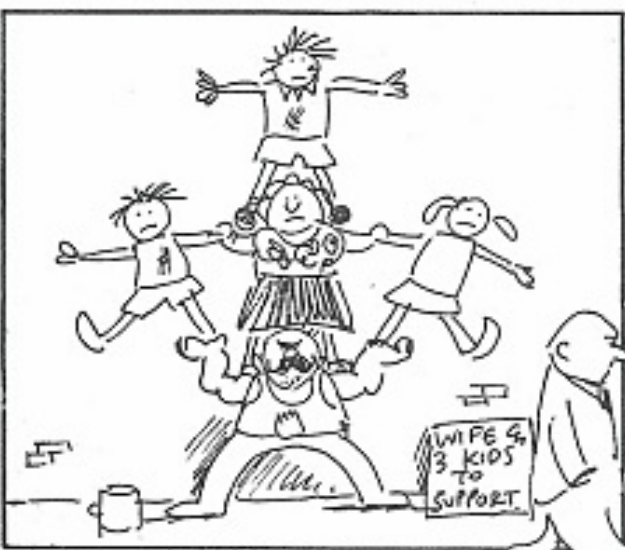
continue to grow for some time after their deaths. So sexy Dr Sam, who doubles as a stylist and beautician, would give the girls a cut and blow dry followed by a nice manicure.

## Spam

The good news is that Dr Sam's gory surgical skills would not be required unless the Spice Girl's died in suspicious circumstances. If they did she would require her full tool kit to slice all five of them wide open from their chins to their cecum, rend open their rib cages and remove their organs one at a time whilst talking into a Dictaphone. Inbetween autopsies she would no doubt stop and eat a sandwich.

## Spam

Lastly, when the corpses were reassembled and dressed, Dr Sam would use her feminine fashion instincts to apply a loving touch of powder to bring much needed colour back to the fab five's faces.



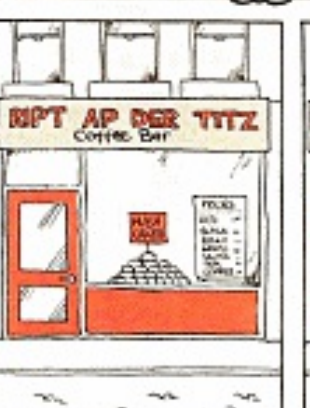


# PC. HOPPER

The BENT COPPER









# THOMAS

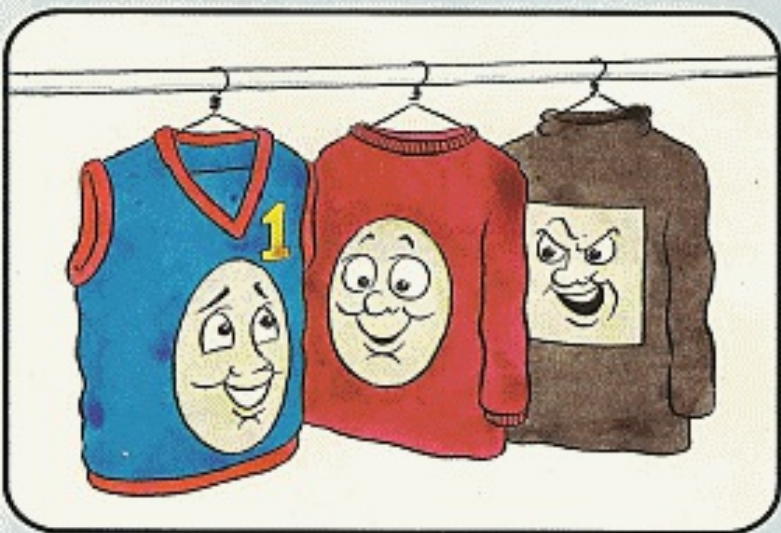
## THE TANK TOP & FRIENDS

by Rev. C. Niall De Mentia

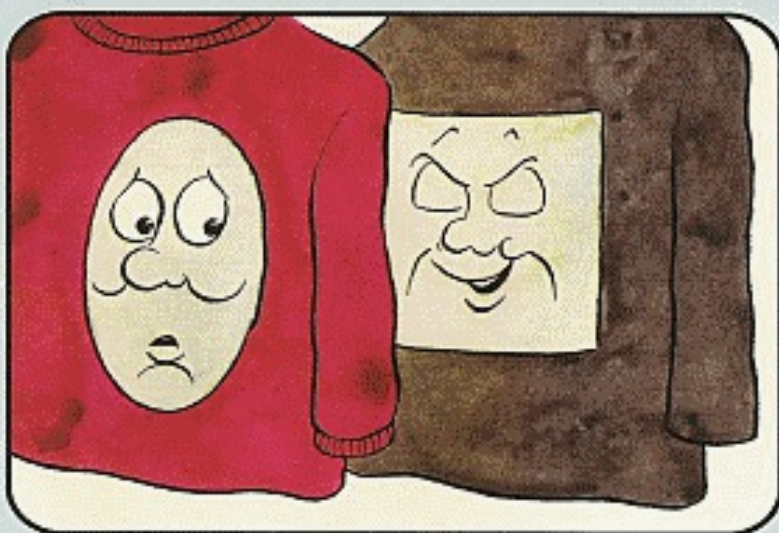
Thomas the Tank Top was twenty years old. His colours were fading, his collar was frayed and he'd started to bobble. But he was a very proud jumper and he thought himself the smartest garment in the wardrobe.



One morning, the Fat Cunt opened the wardrobe. "I am going to a party tonight", he announced. "I shall choose one of you to wear, so you must all be on your best behaviour. Now I'm going to have a shit and read the Express," he said importantly.



The pullovers were very excited. "Who do you think he will wear to the party?" asked Jamie the Red Jumper. "I hope it's me, I hope it's me," said Thomas knittedly. "Why would he choose **you**?" sneered Roland the Rollneck. "You haven't even got any sleeves."



"I've got a lovely snug neckline," he boasted. "I'm long and smart and I'm the height of fashion. What's more, I'm 98% Viscose." Roland the Rollneck was the newest jumper in the wardrobe, and the Fat Cunt wore him on all the important occasions.



The Fat Cunt came back from his shit to get dressed. The Troublesome Trolleys had been up to their tricks again, jumping out of the laundry basket and missing the wash. "Oh, bother!" he grumbled. "Skid marks on my shreddiees. Now I'll have an itchy crack all day."



"I'm going to do some gardening today and I don't want to get any of my nice jumpers messed up for the party," the Fat Cunt said. "So I'm going to wear you, Thomas." "Ha! Ha!" laughed Roland the Rollneck. "Have fun, Thomas. Try not to get **too** dirty."





All day long, the Fat Cunt worked in the garden, digging and hoeing and forking and weeding. Thomas the Tank Top was getting dirtier and dirtier. "Oh, poor old me! Oh, poor old me! What will I do? What will I do?" cried Thomas, textile-ishly.



Suddenly Thomas heard a voice. "I've been washed, especially for the party", said Roland. "Well, I'm working hard," replied Thomas. "The Fat Cunt might take me to the party to say 'thank you'." "Stuff and nonsense," replied the rude rollneck. "The only place he'll take you is a jumble sale".



That night, the Fat Cunt came to the wardrobe to announce his decision. "You have all been very good jumpers, but I can only wear one of you to the party," he said. "And I have chosen Roland the Rollneck." Thomas was very upset. "I said he'd pick me! I said he'd pick me!" chuffed Roland.



But when the Fat Cunt put Roland on, he got a big surprise. Roland no longer fitted! "You've fucking **shrank!**" he exclaimed. "That Fat Cow has put you in too hot a wash. I can't wear you ever again. From now on, Roland, I'll use you as a rag. You can go in the shed to clean my paint brushes."



"I'll need another jumper," he announced. "Thomas, as you have worked so hard all day, I'll wear you to the party, along with Clarrie and Annabel, my flared trousers." "Oh, good, sir! Oh, thank you, sir! I won't let you down, sir!" Thomas bobbled, acrylicly.



Thomas, Clarrie and Annabel looked magnificent under the disco lights as the Fat Cunt danced the night away. "Hey, I love your retro-chique gear," said a plump titted bird. "Fancy coming upstairs for a shag?" The Fat Cunt smiled. "Well done, Thomas," he said. "You're a Really Useful Jumper!"



It's the great debate that's tearing Britain in two...

The LINE that CANNOT LIE

# TOWN vs. COUNTRY

Which side are YOU on?

Are you a country bumpkin or city gent? As the Countryside Marchers file past in their thousands, which side of the fence are you sitting on? For many the lines have become blurred. Some poor sods were born in the sticks and moved to the smoke. While other rich cunts have escaped the smog and headed for the hills. So where do your TRUE loyalties lie? Find out by following the line of truth. Start at the top right. By answering each question honestly, the truth will be revealed.



Go!

Do you own a four wheel drive vehicle?

NO YES

If someone offered to buy your garden and turn it into a sand and gravel quarry, would you sell?

YES NO

Has it ever been further than the local supermarket or tennis club?

YES NO

If the price of beef went down would you go to the butchers and buy a nice big Sunday roast?

NO YES

Have you ever grown vegetables in your garden to save small sums of money?

NO YES

Does your wife, sister and mother add up to less than 3 people?

YES NO

Have you ever been paid large sums of money by the EEC not to grow vegetables?

YES NO

If the price of beef went down would you go to the barn and shoot yourself?

NO YES

If a stranger walks into your local pub does everybody stop talking?

YES NO

If a stranger walks into your local pub does everyone try and sell him knocked off clothing and stolen tellies?

YES NO

Did you lose your virginity to the local bike behind the bike shed?

NO YES

Did you lose your virginity to the local cow behind the cow shed?

YES NO

Do you regularly play tennis or squash at the local health club?

NO YES

If you called on your next door neighbour to borrow a cup of sugar would it involve a journey of more than 10 miles?

YES NO

If you called on your next door neighbour to borrow a cup of sugar would you know his name?

YES NO

Has your dog ever worried a sheep?

NO YES

Has your husband ever shagged a sheep?

YES NO

Do you own a shotgun?

YES NO

Have you ever been to the next village?

NO YES

Have you ever shot anyone up the arse with it?

YES NO

Have you ever had a day off work suffering from M.E.?

NO YES

Do you ever gaze out your window and say "Ay, I can remember when all this was trees"?

NO YES

Have you ever had a day off work suffering from scrapie?

YES NO

Do you ever gaze out your window and say "Ay, this IS all trees"?

YES NO

Do your kids enjoy watching foxes being torn limb from limb?

YES NO

Do your kids enjoy watching nature documentaries on TV?

NO YES

Congratulations, boy! You're a redneck! There's straw in your mouth and in your head, and your face is the colour of beetroot. You may live in a town, but in your heart you're a good 'ole country boy, longing to roam the great outdoors, killing everything that moves.

You're a bowler hatted city slicker! In the concrete jungle the only greenery you see is the soggy lettuce you fish out of your Big Macs. You love to be stuck in traffic or surfing the net for porn. Your idea of exercise is walking the Tamagochi, and your spoilt kids are all car thieving junkies.









# R.M.S. SHITE-ANIC!

**THE gigantic last stool ever moved by the captain of the Titanic has been discovered lying intact two and a half miles beneath the Atlantic ocean.**

The giant dog's egg is thought to have been laid by Captain Smith on the night the ill fated liner sank. Eye witnesses reported seeing the captain shit his pants as the Titanic collided with an enormous iceberg, and several survivors spoke of eerie farting noises and unpleasant smells as the ship went down. But until now the sea has refused to give up any faecal evidence to support these claims.

## Scientists

Now scientists believe they have located the world's most famous dog's egg. And remarkably enough it appears to have been almost perfectly preserved despite being buried at sea for an amazing 86 years.

## Dogs

"The Richard is lying in one piece, still perfectly



Conway - Shitty obsession has cost him dearly.

curled and crimped", said sub mariner Russ Conway who made the discovery in his specially designed underwater exploration vessel China Tea. "It is a quite awesome sight. To look at it you would think it was fresh - as if had only just been nipped off yesterday".

## Really Massive Shite discovered on sea bed

Most organic matter would decay rapidly in sea water, however scientists believe the reason for the turd's remarkable preservation is quite straightforward. "Fortunately for us fish wouldn't touch it with a barge poll", Conway told us. "It has literally remained untouched for all this time".

## Axemen

In 1987 Conway, 71, gave up a successful career as a pianist to concentrate on his life-long search for the turd. It's an obsession which has cost him dear. His wife of 17 years, sour faced pseudo intellectual singer Tina Tikarum left him in 1995, and Conway



Conway aboard his exploration vessel 'Limbo' yesterday

has run up debts of over £2 million financing underwater searches. But now at last his dedication appears to have paid off.

There are ambitious plans to raise the shi-tanic and put it on permanent display as a floating exhibit, probably somewhere like

# SHITWRECKED The stinking of the Titanic

It was approaching midnight on Sunday 14th of April 1912. The RMS Titanic was midway through her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York. There was a party atmosphere on board as the passengers relaxed following their evening meal.

After a particularly heavy dinner Captain Smith told fellow officers that he was going down below to curl one off, leaving First Officer Murdoch in charge of the bridge. The sea was calm, but it was a dark, cold, moonless night.

## Iceberg

Up in the crow's nest lookout Frederick Fleet spotted a giant black silhouette looming directly ahead of the ship. "Iceberg dead ahead!" he cried.



Fleet - spotted iceberg from crow's nest.

Realising the danger First Officer Murdoch gave the immediate order "Full



Murdoch - left in charge of bridge.

speed astern and hard a'starboard" in the vain hope of avoiding a collision.

## Cos

Meanwhile in the officer's toilets Captain Smith was sitting down with a copy of the Picture Post. He had already got the turtle's

head, but he had been egg bound since leaving Southampton and he knew that a long and difficult shite lay ahead. But a sudden judder as the ship's engines went into reverse told him something was wrong. He leapt to his feet, pulled up his trousers and returned to the bridge, arriving just in time to see the enormous iceberg towering above the bow of his vessel.

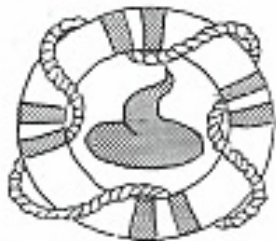
## Rocket

"Fuck me!" he cried in horror. There was a sudden rumble in his trousers. Captain Smith was an experienced sailor - indeed this was to have been his final voyage before retirement - but no man on Earth could have regulated his bowel in

'Amidst the farting and screaming Captain Smith realised that the follow through was unavoidable'

such dire circumstances. A series of eerie, juddering farts echoed around the ship as his rectum began to slowly and involuntarily relax.





## How they found the turd of the Titanic

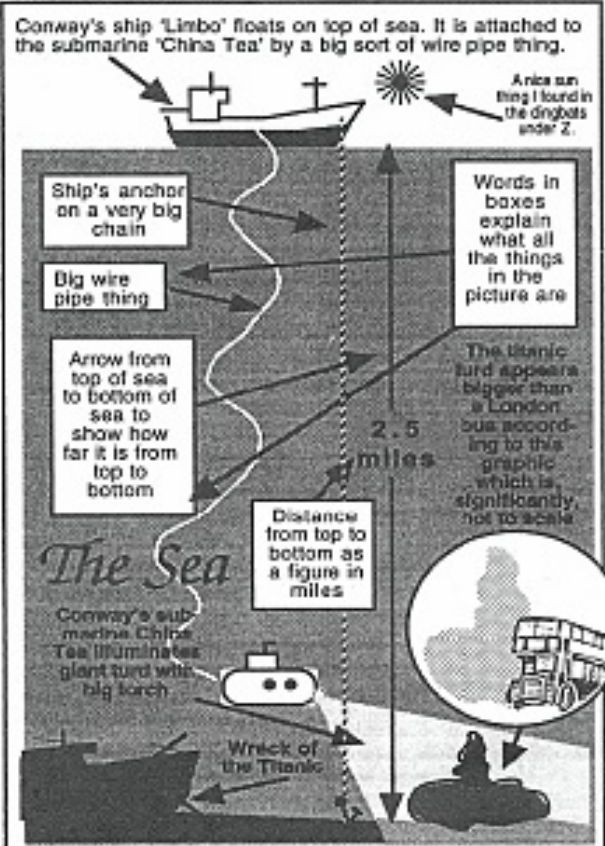
Hartlepool. But at least one shit scientist believes there would be enormous risks involved. Professor Karl Heinz-Bigsoup of the Tampa Bay University of Facces believes that the massive log will be unstable.

### Plank Spankers

"Even after 86 years there is still a high risk that it will be minging. And the chances of raising it from the sea bed without anyone getting shit behind their fingernails are remote".

### Tub Thumpers

There has been mixed reaction to news of the discovery. Captain Smith's daughter, TV chef Delia, believes her dad's stool should left to rest in peace. "This huge underwater crap is a sea grave. Perhaps they could stick a lollipop stick in it with a little inscription or something. But apart from that I think they should leave it alone", she said yesterday.



Graphic by some geeky little snook on a computer

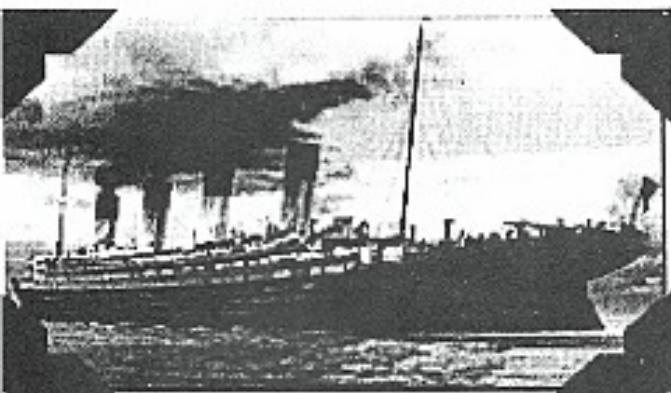
## Giz a jobbie!

'Giz a job' actor Bernard Hill who played Captain Smith in the blockbuster Hollywood movie gasped in horror when we showed him pictures of the Captain's gigantic brown trout.

"I definitely couldn't do dat", quipped the former Boy from the Black Stuff.

Film makers have been accused of distorting the truth by omitting any reference to the Captain shitting his self from the movie script. Contrary to events featured in the film, surviving witnesses recall passengers jumping overboard to avoid the smell.

"It was nothing like the movie", said 28 year old Ann McMahon who lost her mother on that fateful night. "The stench of rotten cabbage was unbearable", she recalled. "All the people who were drowning came up to the surface, took one whiff and decided to go straight back down again." Asked what he would have done if he had been the real captain of the Titanic, Hill said he'd have put the vessel in reverse. "I'd have sailed back to the iceberg and everyone could have climbed off onto that".



Titanic (above) sets sail and Smith (below) who laid the monster cable.



Amidst the farting and screaming Captain Smith realised that the follow through was unavoidable. Within seconds he was touching cloth, and panic slowly began to spread around the upper decks. A sickly, pungent smell filled the cold night air and both passengers and crew held their noses or wafted frantically with their hands to avoid the hideous odour.

### Banger

The Captain knew that if he lit a bum cigar on the bridge the consequences would be disastrous.

Selflessly he clambered down to the lower deck, pebble dashing several lifeboats as he went, and lowered his shit locker over the side. Witnesses recalled the purple faced captain grimacing as his mudhole expanded and a giant brown trout curled itself down into the water with an enormous splash. So heavy was the Captain's log that as it slid beneath the waves the ship rose several feet in the water.

### Sparkler

Captain Smith's desperate final farts were clearly smelled on board the steam ship California only a few miles away. But the pong was so noxious her captain ordered matches be lit on deck, and he steered a course directly away from the Titanic at full speed. By 4.00am when the Carpathia finally arrived at the scene of the stinking all that remained were a few dangleberries bobbing about in the water.

## DIARY of DISASTER

### April 9th 1912

Captain complains of constipation after eating three Scotch Eggs and an omelette for lunch.

### April 10th

Titanic sets sail from Southampton.

2.30pm - A passenger recalls seeing the Captain eating a large bag of bonfire toffee on the bridge.

### April 11th

Despite continuing lack of bowel movement Captain orders two boiled eggs for breakfast and has egg fried rice for lunch.

### April 14th

7.30am - Captain makes the fatal decision to have prunes for breakfast.

1.00pm - Beans on toast for lunch, followed by bread pudding. During the afternoon Captain ignores repeated warnings from his stomach about possible stool movement ahead.

7.00pm - Captain Smith dines with Mr and Mrs Arthur Askey, ordering cabbage soup, crab sticks, mince and dumplings followed by Death by Chocolate.

11.25pm - Captain retires to lavatory complaining of stomach cramps.

11.30pm - Look out reports iceberg dead ahead. Captain shifts his pants.

2.30am - Going, going, pong. Titanic finally sinks.



# And now for something completely the same as it was when you first saw it



18th-19th  
April '98

**THIS television programme is no more. It's ceased to be. It's expired and gone to meet its maker. Bereft of life, the Monty Python team knocked it on the head and buggered off to do their own things.**

But now, 30 years on, Python is back. No, we're not giving away free tickets for their re-union tour. We're celebrating the Monty Python Weekend - an unremarkable batch of re-runs coming up on the Paramount Comedy Channel during April. So if you're old enough to remember Monty Python, and unfortunate enough to receive the Comedy Channel, this is the competition for you.

## Win 20 Python videos and 20 Spam T-shirts

You've got from now till April 18th to try and find the Paramount Comedy Channel on your tuner because that's when their Monty Python weekend begins. Throughout Saturday and Sunday the 18th/19th April the Comedy Channel will be screening the best TV episodes, the biggest movies (including Holy Grail, Jabberwocky, Meaning of Life and Live at the Hollywood Bowl) plus much more. And your anecdotal host for the weekend will be Michael Palin.

To plug this noble event, and because we've got no decent prizes this month, we're giving away a Best of Monty Python video plus a Spam T-shirt to the first 20 people who can correctly answer the following Monty questions.

1. There's one Monty video that we certainly won't be giving away as a

prize. That's because it's the capital of Uruguay. What is the population of Montyvideo? Or rather, what was it in 1952 when our atlas was published?

- a) 770,000  
b) 77,000  
c) 77

2. Monty was the nickname of the well known British war hero Field Marshal Barry Montgomery. Who was his arch enemy during the war?

- a) Ming the Merciless  
b) Fu Man Chu  
c) Rommel



Monty (on the right, made out of stone)

3. The Full Monty is the second most successful British movie of all time after Telly Savalas Looks At Aberdeen. Which city, once famous for its steel industry (if not for either of its football teams) was the setting for The Full Monty?

- a) Consett  
b) Sheffield  
c) Port Talbot

thirty odd years ago

4. During the sixties the chairman of the nationalised British Steel industry was a Mr. later Sir Finniston. What was his christian name?

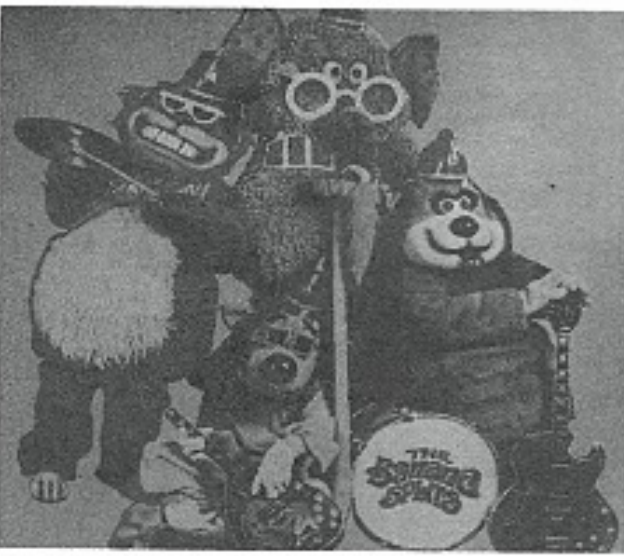
- a) Roger  
b) Frank  
c) Monty

5. In which city, famous for its steel industry (if not for musical exports such as the Human League) was Monty Python actor Michael Palin born?

- a) Consett  
b) Sheffield  
c) Port Talbot

6. Which of the following was NOT a cartoon which appeared during the Banana Split's pioneering zoo format Saturday morning kid's television programme in the seventies?

- a) The Three Musketeers  
b) The Count of Monty Christo  
c) The Man in the Iron Mask



One banana, two bananas, three bananas, three banana four. The Banana Splits yesterday (from left to right) Fleagul, Bingo, Drooper and Snork.



Michael Palin

7. If you were a German soldier who wanted to play roulette during the second world war, why would you have steered well clear of the Monty Casino?

- a) Because Gracie Fields used to appear live there five nights a week, and regularly cleared the building with her grating Rochdale voice.

b) Because you had to queue to get in, and no pushing was allowed.  
c) Because the allies bombed it so heavily the roulette tables were closed.

8. Which big conked crooner sang the song from the film Monty Carlo or Bust?

- a) Barry Manilow  
b) Barbara Streisand  
c) Jimmy Durante

9. Hollywood legend Grace Kelly married the Prince of a very posh European country and became Princess Grace of Monaco. She lived in a fairy tale castle in Monty Carlo where she later died. But how did she die?

- a) She was eaten by her husband's pet tiger which he kept in the garden  
b) She caught pneumonia after singing in the rain with her brother Gene  
c) She crashed her Rover car off a mountain road

10. Monty-zuma was worshipped by the ancient Aztecs. What was he the God of?

- a) The Sun  
b) The Mountains  
c) Diarrhoea

Mark your answers MONTY and make sure they get to us before the closing date of Monday 11th May. In the likely event that we don't get 20 entries, never mind 20 correct entries, everyone who enters will win a prize.



# D.I.Y. JOHN KNOCKS UP A KNOCK DOWN VIDEO

To celebrate the reduction in price of kiddy news reader John Craven's invaluable Guide To Decorating videos - from £5.99 down to £1.99 at our local B&Q store, we're giving away a pair of tapes in a special D.I.Y. competition.

John Craven's guides to Exterior and Interior decorating were filmed during the renovation of an actual house, and contain essential advice, information and decorating tips, all of which are explained in a nice, simple, Newsroundy sort of way. Even the dimmest DIY enthusiast can achieve professional results after watching these invaluable tapes.

But don't just sit there waiting for someone else to win them. You can Do-It-Yourself by simply solving these DIY difficulties.

1. What is a dado?  
a) A vibrator used by women.  
b) An extinct bird, a sort of turkey parrot.  
c) The lower part of an interior wall, usually from the skirting to about waist-height, which is panelled or decorated differently from the rest of the wall, originally designed to avoid soiling or damage to the wall where people or furniture brushed against it.

2. What would you do with a 'rabbit' plane?  
a) Remove a rabbit's skin in thin slices.  
b) Fly rabbits to other countries on holiday.  
c) Cut a long, rectangular recess along the length of a piece of wood.

3. What is a rim latch?  
a) That delicate string, or banjo, which attaches your Herman gelmet to your five skin.  
b) An item of jewellery favoured by Prince Albert.  
c) A fitting for keeping a door closed, consisting of a spring latch in a metal case screwed onto the inner face of the shutting stile of a door.

4. What is a noggin?  
a) A Viking sailor whose arch enemy was Nogbad the Bad.  
b) A ex-footballer's head which, when pressed against a mirror, resembles his daughter's arse.  
c) A short horizontal timber placed between studs in a partition for stiffening purposes.

## WIN THIS!



5. What is a G cramp?  
a) A pain up a women's fanny caused by a man looking for her G spot.  
b) A too tight, very small pair of women's knickers that give them a similar pain up the fanny.  
c) A rigid metal device which tightens by means of a screw to fasten together two pieces of wood during the process of gluing.

6. What is a grommet?  
a) A thing that you put in your ear for some reason or other.  
b) A Plasticine animated dog that eats cheese and washes windows.  
c) A ring edging or lining for a whole to make a tight joint and prevent friction or chafing.

7. What is a frog?  
a) A small amphibian with long legs that goes "ribbit".  
b) An amphibian eating garlic breathed onion salesman that goes "boeuf" and "zut alors".  
c) An indentation (usually 'V' shaped) in the bedding face of a brick to reduce its weight.

8. What is hardcore?  
a) A strong blend of continental pornography often containing farmyard, golden showers, pop shots, close-up pink and felching.  
b) An element of football hooligans often referred to by the police.  
c) Broken bricks or stone which, when consolidated, are used as a foundation for paths, drives and solid concrete floors.

9. What is a jamb?  
a) A session of improvised music involving two or more musicians.  
b) A fruit preserveb oftenb eatenb onb breadb.  
c) The vertical side of an opening in a wall, extending the full thickness of a wall, or any vertical post or framing fixed to it.

10. What is a dove tail joint?  
a) A seedy bar where stories are often exchanged about doves.  
b) A spliff, or cannabis cigarette, which is wider at one end than at the other.  
c) A joint between two pieces of wood formed from interlocking wedges.

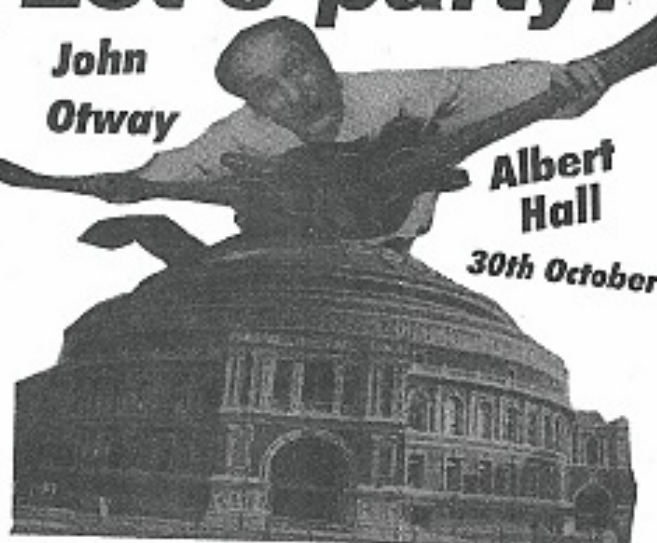
Paint your answers on a roll of wallpaper, in block capitals please, and shove it up your arse. If anybody actually wants the videos just write in and ask for them. And if anyone out there has got any proper prizes for us to give away - a product you want us to plug (a proper one though, none of your Heath Robinson arse wipers, porno videos etc. etc. etc.) - please contact us at the address on page 5.

MIND THE GAP... MIND THE GAP...  
MIND THE GAP... MIND THE GAP...  
MIND THE GAP... MIND THE GAP...  
MIND THE GAP... MIND THE GAP...  
MIND THE GAP... MIND THE GAP...

# Fuck the dome! Let's party!

John  
Otway

Albert  
Hall  
30th October



WE'RE celebrating the Millennium a year early by staging the concert of the century. And it won't cost you £800 million to get in.

Eric Clapton sold out the Royal Albert Hall 12 nights running, and the Hooray Henrys pack it for their poney Proms year in year out. But we've booked the nation's nobbiest music venue for a party that will put them all to shame. On 30th October 1998 Viz are proud to present John Otway live at the Albert Hall.

He's pop's most persistent under achiever - a man who simply does not know the meaning of the word 'success'. One hit - in 1978 - may be all he has to show for his efforts, but his reputation for live performances is second to none and has won him an army of fans. He's already sold out the London Astoria. Now he aims to fill the biggest hall of all.

In the build up October's concert we'll be giving away John Otway CDs and tickets for the gig. But the star prize for the winner of this issue's competition is a John Otway gig of your own.

John will appear live in the winner's living room at a time and date to be arranged. To win this unique prize, simply answer the following Otway questions:

1. Who was John Otway's partner at the time of his only hit record?  
a) Wild Bill Hickcock  
b) Wild Willy Barrett  
c) Oscar Wilde

2. John played live in someone's house in which TV series?  
a) One Foot In The Grave  
b) The Good Life  
c) The Young Ones

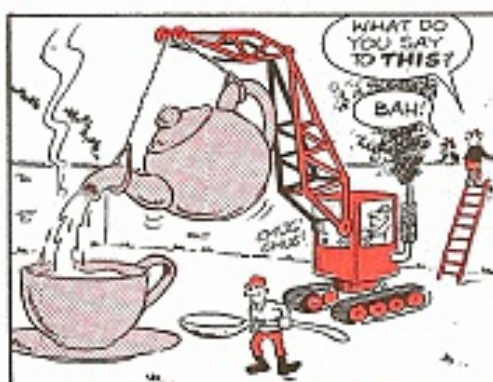
Mark your answers 'OTWAY 1' and get them to us by May 11th. There'll be more news on John Otway Live at the Albert Hall in the next issue. In the meantime ticket information can be obtained by sending a SAE to Promo 2000, P.O.Box 4467, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, RG9 5YJ, or by ringing 01491 682304. Tickets are also available direct from the Royal Albert Hall box office.

Post your entries to: **Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.**  
Or fax them to: **0191 281 9048**  
Or e-mail: **web@johnbrown.co.uk**





# IVOR BETTER and TONY WORSE





# GILBERT RATCHET



(SIGH) I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THIS GIRL DOWN THE ROAD. READERS, HER NAME IS KYLIE PACHONTAS BUZZLIGHTYEAR MIDERMOST.



I'M GOING TO IMPRESS KYLIE BY DOING HANDSTANDS IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE.  
IT'LL BE A DOBBLE WITH THE END OF THIS 'HANDSTAND-O-MATIC' I'M BUILDING.



THERE, PRETTY IMPRESSIVE HANDSTAND, EN KYLIE?  
PERHAPS YOU'D DO ME THE HONOUR OF BEING MY GIRLFRIEND?



SORRY GILBERT - BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN REALLY IMPRESS ME.  
AND THAT'S TO HAVE A GREAT BIG TATTOO DONE - ON YOUR FACE.



AND SO  
TATTOO - O - REGRET  
GRIMMNEY! JUST LOOK AT THOSE PRICES.  
50 TATTOO - 1000S  
75 TATTOO - 1500S  
100 TATTOO - 2000S  
WHERE AM I GOING TO FIND FIFTY QUID TO GET A BIG TATTOO ON MY FACE?



HELLO - IT'S THE VICAR KING -  
GOOD AFTERNOON GILBERT.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND LIFE IS GRAND, GILBERT - SO I DECIDED TO HAVE THIS TATTOOED ON MY BUTTOCK.  
IT'S MY WAY OF THANKING THE LORD FOR THIS WONDERFUL WORLD WE LIVE IN.



READ ALL ABOUT IT! LOADS OF PEOPLE ARE DYING, EVERYTHING'S SHIT AND NOW IT'S STARTING TO DRIZZLE.  
OH NO! IT LOOKS LIKE GOD ISN'T NICE AFTER ALL.  
HOW EMBARRASSING. NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET THIS TATTOO REMOVED.



I CAN HELP YOU THERE, VICAR - FOR A SMALL FEE OF FIFTY QUID.  
JUST BEND OVER, AND I'LL ERASE YOUR TATTOO WITH MY PORTABLE ELECTRIC SANDER.



FRRRRRRRR!  
JEEPEERS CREEPERS  
MY SANDER IS GOING THROUGH THE VICAR'S BUMCHECK LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER.



WHY YOU CRETIN! YOU'VE SHREDDED MY BUTTOCK RIGHT DOWN TO THE BONE.  
YOU'LL NOT BE GETTING FIFTY QUID OUT OF ME.



NEVER MIND. I'LL SIMPLY INVENT AN AUTOMATIC TATTOOING MACHINE WITH WHICH TO TATTOO MY OWN FACE.  
ALL I NEED IS A PNEUMATIC DRILL, A BOTTLE OF INK, AN OLD BEADING MACHINE - AND A BIT OF DO-IT-YOURSELF LUMBER.



SHORTLY  
THIS WILL BE A VERY DELICATE OPERATION, READERS.  
THE NEEDLE MUST JUST PASS THROUGH THE TOP LAYER OF SKIN WITH HAIR-BREADTH PRECISION, SO THAT NONE OF THE SUBTLETIES OF THE TATTOO'S DESIGN WILL BE LOST.



THUMPA THUMPA THUMPA  
MASH MASH MASH  
OOO OOO OOO



BAH! THIS STUPID MACHINE JUST GAVE ME A SORE HEAD.  
I'LL NEVER GET MY FACE TATTOOED AT THIS RATE.



EXCUSE ME YOUNG MAN - I AM AN ECCENTRIC FIFTY-QUID-MANNAIRE AND I COLLECT ALL THINGS WHICH COST FIFTY QUID.  
NOW, HOW MUCH DOES THAT MACHINE OF YOURS COST?  
ERM... FIFTY QUID?  
I'LL BUY IT! HERE'S FIFTY QUID.



AT THE TATTOO PARLOUR  
HOORAY! NOW I CAN AFFORD A PROPER TATTOO.  
I'LL HAVE "ALL COFFERS ARE BASTARDS" IN BIG LETTERS ACROSS MY FOREHEAD PLEASE, MASTER.



AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR KYLIE TO SEE THIS.  
SHE'LL PROBABLY BE OVERWHELMED WITH ADMIRATION FOR ME.



ALAS  
BUT GILBERT, I MERELY WANTED AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIAL MILITARY DISPLAY OR PRESENT TO BE PERFORMED ON THIS 4-FOOT BY 3-FOOT BLOWN-UP PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR FEATURES.  
OH NO! SHE MEANT THAT SORT OF "BIG TATTOO ON MY FACE".



THEN  
THAT'S A STROKE OF LUCK!  
THE ROYAL PARADE GROUND  
A GRAND MILITARY TATTOO  
COME ON KYLIE, LET'S GET OVER TO THE PARADE GROUND.



ON GILBERT, I'LL BE SO IMPRESSED WHEN THEY START MARCHING ON YOUR FACE WITH THEIR DRUMS AND THAT.  
IT'LL MAKE ME WANT TO GO OUT WITH YOU LOADS.



BUT  
WE PROUDLY PRESENT THAT LITTLE BLAKE OFF 'FANTASY ISLAND' IN A TANK.  
OH NO! IT'S THAT SORT OF "MILITARY TATTOO".  
BOSS! BOSS! THE PLANE! THE PLANE!



# Lady C takes toyboy lover

**LADY** Clementine Churchill, widow of the former Prime Minister Sir Winston, could be set to re-marry.

Lady Churchill has lead a reclusive life since her husband, who won the war, died in 1965. But rumours of romance have blossomed since January when she was photographed holidaying in Barbados with teenage pop singer Nathan out of Brother Beyond.

## Ice-Cream

The couple were seen playing tennis, swimming and sharing a romantic pool side ice cream.

## Transit

More recently they have been seen out and about in London, shopping in Oxford Street and dining at the exclusive Beefeater steakhouse at Piccadilly Circus. And a pal of Lady Churchill yesterday admitted that the couple have become 'virtually inseparable'.

## Commer

Nathan out of Brother Beyond has enjoyed the company of a string of beautiful women since the arse fell out of his pop career 8 years ago, among them that posh TV presenting 'it' bird with no tits, Tara what's-her-face. But now he seems to have found his perfect match, despite the fact that Lady Churchill is more than five times his age.



Above: The new boy in her life - Nathan out of Brother Beyond.

"In many ways they're perfect for each other", our source revealed. "Since Sir Winston died Clementine has been staying in a lot and watching telly. But Nathan makes her so happy. It's marvellous to see her up and about and smiling again. Their interests are the same. The age gap makes no difference at all".

## Luton

Word is that no date has yet been set for a marriage, but rumours of a £2 million engagement ring - paid for out of royalties from Brother Beyond hits such as 'The Harder I Try' - are already circulating in society circles.

**'Marriage  
not beyond  
possibility'  
says pal**

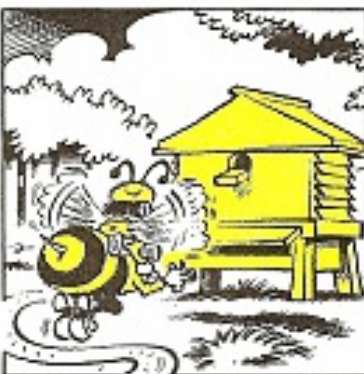


Lady Churchill pictured with her late husband Sir Winston prior to when he died yesterday.





# SHIRKER BEE





# Jack Black & the Mystery of Nicebury-on-the-Water







There she goes, she's turning down that lane!

Woof!



I don't believe it... she's vanished.



What's that Silver, some sort of hole in the fence?



Crumbs! We've hit the jackpot Silver. The police aren't going to believe this!



I hope this discovery of yours is important Jack. I was due at the primary school for a road safety lecture this afternoon.

Oh, it certainly is PC Brown.

Come on then Jack, tell us what you found.



I first suspected something was amiss here in the village when I noticed that the cleaner, Mrs P, came to work on foot....



"I therefore deduced that she lived nearby. Which was strange, because a lowly cleaner is hardly the type of person you'd expect to find living in a prosperous and charming village like Nicely."



"Later, I saw her leaving a shop called the Co-op - a down-market store founded on socialist principles. Quite out of place on Nicely High Street."



And then I found THIS!

What on Earth is it Jack?

It's a Lottery Scratchcard Aunt Meg. A nasty form of instant gambling popular with the lower echelons. Hardly the sort of people you'd expect to live in Nicely-on-the-Water.

(So what's all this leading to Jack?)



The next day I made Mrs P the cleaner need a big wee. I knew she would head for her toilet so I followed her, and sure enough I found what I was looking for...

What Jack? What did you find?



"A Council Estate! Right here, in Nicely-on-the-Water. Hidden away behind the High Street, not 200 yards from this very house!"



Jack took PC Brown and Aunt Meg to see for themselves.

You're right Jack, it's a council estate alright. Looks like its been here for quite some time.

Can't you do something about it? You can't just leave it here.

Yes, can't we have it demolished?



I'm afraid not Jack. A loophole in the law means these people are legally entitled to be here.

But... what about all my nice things. They'll all be stolen.

Don't worry Aunt Meg. I think I have an ideal.



One Lottery scratch card please.

Certainly sir, that will be a pound.



Hah! I'm not an old man, I'm a boy of only 12 and you sold me a lottery ticket!

What?!

Under the law of England I hereby arrest you and order that this shop be closed down for good!



Your trick worked a treat Jack, but I still don't see how closing the shop will solve the council estate problem.

Look behind you PC Brown.



I don't believe it. They're all leaving!

Yes. You see, these people thrive on scratchcards, cheap lager and own-brand biscuits.

Cut off their supply and they soon move on. They'll be someone else's problem now.



Hey! I don't believe it. I've won £50,000!

Excellent Jack. You deserve it for a good day's work!

Woof! Woof!



# Billy the Fish

©1995 NEW FULCHESTER UNITED ARE LARGELY KNOWN AT THE FOOT OF NATIONWIDE LEAGUE DIVISION ONE. MENTAL CHAIRMAN WINFORD HALL HAS RETIRED TO PERU, LEAVING HIS WAYWARD SON DOUGAL AND PAT RAG & BONE MAN FREDDIE SHEEPDOG AT THE HELM... DESPERATE TO AVOID RELEGATION, THEY ARE ABOUT TO UNVEIL THEIR 27th MANAGER OF THE SEASON AT A HASTILY ARRANGED PRESS CONFERENCE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I INTRODUCE THE NEW MANAGER OF FULCHESTER UNITED...

WHO IS IT?  
IS IT BOBBY ROSSON?  
I HOPE HE SPEAKS ENGLISH.

IS THAT ENOUGH?  
YEAH BILLY THAT'S GREAT.

CLICK

BILLY WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS OFFICE TO PREPARE FOR THE NEXT MATCH BUT...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

...BILLY "THE FISH" THOMSON!

OH NO NOT AGAIN...  
YEAH, THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH...  
THEY ONLY SACKED HIM THIS MORNING.

THE FLOOR WAS OPENED TO MEDIA QUESTIONS...

BILLY, THERE'S ALREADY BEEN CALLS FOR YOUR RESIGNATION. DO YOU THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO STEP DOWN?

WELL, IT'S EARLY DOORS, I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, AND I HAVE THE FULL SUPPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN AND THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WILL YOU BE MAKING ANY CHANGES?

IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT, NOT SCORES.

THE PLAYERS KNOW THEY'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, AND AT THE END OF THE DAY IT'S THE SCORES THAT COUNT.

FOOTBALL'S ALL ABOUT GOALS BUT PLAYERS DON'T SCORE GOALS... ERA... THEY WIN OR LOSE MATCHES AT THE END OF THE DAY, NO PLAYER IS BIGGER THAN THIS CLUB.

AND ERA... AT THE END OF THE DAY... IT'S DOWN TO THE PLAYERS TO GO OUT THERE AND ERA... IT'LL BE MY HEAD ON THE CHIPPING BLOCK.

AH, BILLY! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR OUR LESBIAN SHOW. SIT DOWN, HAVE A WANK.

BUT THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! THIS IS MY OFFICE!  
PHOGAR! I LOVE BIG DUGS, ME!  
NO IT ISN'T. YOUR OFFICE IS IN THE TOILETS DOWN THE CORRIDOR. THIS IS THE DIRECTOR'S LOUNGE FROM NOW ON.

BAH, THIS CLUB IS GOING TO THE DOGS I'VE GOT TO TURN THINGS 'ROUND.

THAT'S LAUGH BETTER.

THE NEXT DAY FULCHESTER FACE A RELEGATION SIX-POINTER AGAINST LOWLY WHITBOROUGH. BUT BAD NEWS AWAKES BILLY IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

OKAY, IS EVERYONE HERE?

'AFRAID NOT BILLY. RUDDIE "THE RED" NOOSE KEEPER IS INJURED.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT...

AM GOING TO HAVE TO PUST DOWN MY OLD BOOTS.

IT'S HIS HANDSTRING. HE PULLED IT WANKING AT THE PRE-MATCH LESBIAN SHOW.

OH FUCK!

WHAT? YOU - A HALF MAN HALF FISH - PLAY IN GOAL AT 58?

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT, SYP. IF WE LOSE THIS GAME, WE'RE RELEGATED.  
WIN IT - AND NEXT YEAR WE COULD BE IN THE PREMIER LEAGUE.

THAT'S ALL I NEED FUCK!!

FUCKIN' HELL! FUCK!

HE'S COMING HOME, HE'S COMING HOME. HE'S CO-MING - BILLY THE FISH'S COMING HOME!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY BILLY THE FISH RETURNED TO ACTION.

FUCK! FUCKING FUCK!

FUCK FUCK FUKETRY FUCK FUCK! FUCKING FU...  
OKAY BILLY.

RIGHT LADS. I WANT A GOOD CLEAN GAME. NO SHEARING, NO SPITTING, NO TACKLES FROM BEHIND.

NO RACIAL ABUSE. NO WIFE-BEATING.

THAT'S ENOUGH, THANKS. WAS THAT OKAY?

YEAH, BRILLIANT BILLY...  
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

THE GAME KICKS OFF AND FULCHESTER ARE QUICKLY UNDER PRESSURE...

FUCKING HELL! WHERE'S THE MARKING?

HE'S ROUND THE LAST MAN!

HE'S THROUGH ON GOAL!

WHAT A SAVE FROM THOMSON!

THE VETERAN FISH KEEPER IS HAVING A BLINDER.  
BLAM!

BLEEP! BLEEP!

HELLO? ... YES... OF COURSE...  
CERTAINLY TIL-TELL-HA.

BILLY - THAT WAS GLEN HODDLE ON THE PHONE. HE'S ASKED YOU TO PLAY IN FRANCE IN JUNE!

FOO!

IMAGINE ME, BILLY THE FISH...

PLAYING FOR ENGLAND... AGAIN.